ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 2. NO. 24. ARLINGTON, MASS., MARCH 17, 1900. TWO CENTS

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Respectfully announces that he is prepared to make

Suitings Overcoatings and Trouserings

in the latest styles and fabrics both foreign and domestic, at reasonable prices

Also particular attention given to ladies' work

637 Mass. Avenue, P. O. Arcade.

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We have the largest business and can give better results than any other express in Arlington. **Telephone, 122-3 Arlington**

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Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

☞ In all work contracted for the latest devices and most approved appliances are used and personal attention given to every job. Estimates furnished on contracts of any amount and satisfaction guaranteed. Sept30,1y

Something Sweet and Tempting.

can be found at all times in our choice baking of ornamental and layer cakes, fancy cakes, loaf and fancy cakes, fine pastry, delicious breads, rolls, biscuits and bake-stuffs of all kinds, that will suit the most epicurean palate. Don't waste time and money baking when we will serve you with goods baked from the highest grade materials at low prices.

N. J. HARDY.

Baker and Caterer, 657 Mass. Ave.

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SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.
Business established about 1858.

Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.

All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining Painting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st. Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

Actual Last Sale of all

JAPANESE CHINA

On hand until April 1st.

YOUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY BEFORE WE PACK GOODS AWAY.

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Arlington Central Pharmacy

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Phenomenal Success.

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One of the cleanest markets in the state.

RUSSELL & TEELE.

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In Fancy and Solid Colors, at

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POST OFFICE BLOCK.

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WETHERBEE BROS.,

480 Mass. avenue.

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(Successors to S. F. Dean)

We are local agents for the

Rambler, Algonquin, White and Pacific ranging in price from $25 to $50.

Wheels called for and put in thorough order Keys fitted, locks repaired, and fine mechanical work of all kinds.

SPECIAL. Fine watch, clock and jewelry repairing by Ivers L. Wetherbee, late with A Stowell & Co., Boston. feb17

WOMAN'S CLUB.

The third and last meeting of the Home department will be held in Pleasant hall on Thursday afternoon, March 22, at 3.30 o'clock.

Miss Nellie E. Ewart will give a paper on "Food" and Mrs. G. W. W. Sears will read her paper on "Labor-saving devices" for the benefit of those who were prevented by the storm from attending the meeting in December. All ladies interested are cordially invited to be present.

The committee in charge of the children's vaudeville performance given in the Town hall on Feb. 23 wish to announce that the nett proceeds from that entertainment are $66, and they wish to express their thanks to all who in any way assisted them.

A. Y. M. C. NOTES.

Mr. Robert H. White addressed the club on Tuesday evening on "What led up to Andersonville and the stockade." Mr. White's story was an intelligent *resume* of the course of the Civil War up to the fall of Atlanta, and was much enjoyed. On Tuesday next, at nine o'clock, Mr. White will continue the story, speaking on "Life in Andersonville prison." The club cordially invites the presence of any gentleman who may desire to listen to a most interesting narrative of personal experience.

The Wide-Awake Lend-a-Hand Society gave an enjoyable literary and dramatic entertainment in G. A. R. Hall on Thursday evening. Mr. Perry presided at the piano. Mr. Charles Williams read selections from Kipling, Dooley and David Harum. The Flying Wedge was rendered, under the management of W. H. N. Francis. The characters taken were as follows:

Tom Hurlbert, Captain of Harvard's foot ball team, '95,	Jules White
Percy Snydam, His friend, Harvard, '93.	David Elwell
Alfred Chester, Their chum, Harvard, '93.	Herbert Kidder
Miss Cornelia Snydam, A Chrysanthemum Bud.	Theresa Hardy
Nellie Snydam, Her niece and Tom's financee.	Blanche Spurr
Kate Chester, Her chum and Percy's fiancee.	Annie Wood
Mary Scribner, a reporter,	Helen Taft
Mrs. O'Flynn, the janitress, Who takes a gloomy view of foot ball.	Edith Fay

Last Friday evening the committee o 21 appointed at the last town meeting met and organized, Mr. Howard W. Spurr was again chosen chairman and Mr. C. H. Stevens was made secretary. The filling of vacancies was the first business in order, and Messrs. O. B. Marston, G. G. Allen, J. E. Tracey and C. W. Allen were elected to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of Messrs. William Bassett, J. W. Brine, W. H. Allen and Waterman A. Taft. A large volume of routine business was disposed of and sub-committees were elected as follows:

Highways—William N. Winn, George W. Perkins, Henry J. Locke, George D. Moore, Frank Bott.

Incidentals—Horace A. Freeman. C. H. Bartlett, Clarence T. Parsons.

Police—Charles W. Allen, John Lyons, Elbert L. Churchill.

Fire Dept.—Chas. H. Stevens, Daniel Wyman, Frank Y. Wellington.

Tax rate—William A. Muller, George G. Allen, Thos. H. Talcott.

ADVERTISE.

SMOKE TALK.

The members of the A. W. and C. C. held their last smoke talk in their elegantly-furnished rooms in the Post office building on Thursday evening. These smoke talks have been a special feature the past winter with this club, but the one of Thursday evening eclipsed them all. The rooms were filled, there being many invited guests present. Several artists, both in song recitation and dance, contributed largely to the enjoyment of the company, and were as follows: Harry Nichols, trick piano player and humorist; W. P. Adams, songs and monologue; F. E. Dusault, character impersonations; A. C. Adams, songs; Harry Jeffries and Eugene Perry, piano solos and duets; William Langley, mandolin and harmonica soloist; D. S. Scully, reader; William Nevins, tenor solo; Messrs. Dusault and Cunha, buck and wing dancing. The performances of Messrs. Nichols, Scully, Perry and Jeffries were particularly good, and elicited well-merited applause. During the evening a collation, consisting of cheese, crackers, sandwiches and coffee, was served.

During the winter many new members have been admitted, and now the club is on a good footing.

GOLF BALL.

The Golf club social, which occurred in the Town hall on Tuesday evening, was a brilliant event in the introductory life of the club. The young people were present in generous numbers, while the surrounding towns were well represented. The evening was altogether an informal one, and for this reason all the more enjoyable. Custer's orchestra rendered in an artistic way the music for the dance. The hall was prettily decorated in a variety of delicate tints. The committee were the following: Charles H. Carter, Clarence O. Hill, William T. Foster, Jr., Robert Bacon, William D. Elwell, H. Maxwell Brooks and Munroe Hill. Refreshments were served by Caterer Hardy. Among those present were:

Mr & Mrs J Q Brackett	Miss Grace Parker
" S F Hicks	" Agnes Damon
" W Henderson	" Helen Damon
" S Cutting	" Florence Hill
" A M Walcott	" Alice Winn
" W Hardy	" Alice Diaz
" J H Hardy, Jr	" Sedgwick
" H G Porter	" Annabelle Parker
" W B Wood	" Barrett
" W G Rice	" E Colman
" A Cumming	" Adele Fitzpatrick
" J Hallian	" Alice Duer
" G E Foster	" Alice Homer
" A J Sawyer	" Theresa Hardy
" Noyes	" Mabel Littlefield
" J W Bailey	Mr George Dana
" G H Davis	" Will James
" O Whittemore	" W H Fleming
" F D Sawyer	" A H Goodwin
" H W Bullard	" F W Damon
Dr & Mrs E P Stickney	" R G Hopkins
Mrs Henry B Peirce	" J L Taylor
" F H Gray	" Edward Bailey
" Walter Moores	" Chester Peck
" H G Dolliver	" G G Homer
Miss Lowe	" Arthur Wellington
" Alice Gilbert	" W Kimball
" Maude Harriman	" Ralph M Diaz
" Edna Peirce	" Proudfoot
" Lillian Peck	" Horace Hardy
" Learned	" Geo A Learned
" Ethel Homer	" Herbert A Day

Last evening, in the vestry of the Universalist church, the society of Willing Workers gave a dramatic entertainment, entitled "The greatest plague in life." There was quite a large gathering of young people, as well as a number of their older friends. The program opened with a piano solo by Mr. Fred Butterfield, followed by a violin solo by Miss Clara Johnson, both of which were rendered with masterly touch.

Then came the principal feature of the evening, which was taken part in by Misses Marion Brooks, Amy Winn, Helene Johnson, Lillian Twisden and Josephine Frost. It is needless to say that the young ladies acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner, and gave ample promise of future greatness in affairs theatrical. Misses Mabel Coolidge, Lillian Wharton and Laura Hutcninson acted as ushers in a satisfactory and courteous way, while Miss Louise Gray announced the program. The affair was a decided success, and it is hoped such another treat will be given in the near future. Much of the success of the entertainment is due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. H. F. Fister.

What might have been a serious conflagration was avoided last evening by the timely appearance of Mr. Eph. Hill. A match, which was intended to have been thrown out of a window in the house occupied by Letter Carrier Perry, near the library, bounded back on a couch, setting the same on fire. Assist. Chief Hill was passing at the time, took in the situation, and prevented what might have been a serious conflagration.

Scotch Entertainment

By ladies of the
Ladies Aid Society
of the
Congregational Church,
Grand Army Hall,
Thursday, March 29, 1900
at 8 o'clock.

Under the management of Mrs. Walter Crosby and Mrs. W. S. Durgin.

Tickets 25 cents.

BICYCLES to suit all purses.

32 MODELS to choose from.

CASH OR INSTALMENT,

RANGING FROM $22.00 to $75.00.

AT MOSELEY'S CYCLE AGENCY,

FOWLE BLOCK.

REPAIRING AND RENTING.

FAIR A SUCCESS.

The Unitarian fair held on Wednesday afternoon and evening in the vestry of the Unitarian church, under the direction of Mrs. E. A. Dennett, Mrs. H. F. Martin, Mrs. George O. Russell, Mrs. Frank Downing and Miss Alice Homer, was a success from start to finish. The vestry room was tastefully decorated with the stars and stripes, and with delicate shades of white and green.

In the early evening tables laden with a bountiful supply of good things to tempt one's appetite, and supper was served under the supervision of Mrs. Frank Y. Wellington, ably assisted by Mrs. Pettingill, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Marston, Miss Hill and Mrs. Harris.

There were seven tables in all, in charge of the following committees: The bundle table, where all packages were put in trimmest shape, was in charge of Miss Agnes Damon and Miss Hodgdon. While this table possibly was not so ornamental as some of the others, still it was quite as useful. It represented the patronage of all the other tables. The summer table was made up of all the growth of the season, and was in charge of Miss Abbie T. Stevens, Mrs. W. A. Peirce, Mrs. W. H. H. Tuttle, Mrs. Charles Hartwell and Miss Grace Gage. The spring table was a beautiful display of bud and flower—Mr. W. W. Rawson's choicest. Mrs. Francis, Mr. Rawson, Mrs. W. G. Rice and Miss Grace Coleman were in charge of this department, or the springtime. The autumn table, representing all the later products of the year, was in charge of Miss Annie Stevens, Mrs. Omar Whittemore, Mrs. James Emery, Mrs. F. S. Bryant, Miss Edna Pierce and Miss Dewey. The winter table, laden with with white goods, was under the management of Mrs. H. Frost Martin, Mrs. George O. Russell, Mrs. Frank Downing and Miss Alice Homer. Mrs. Foster, Mrs. H. B. Pierce and Miss Bott were at the fancy table. Miss F. W. Harris, Miss Helen Damon, Miss Vida Damon and Miss Laura Davis were in charge of the candy table. At the housekeepers' table were Mrs. Marshall N. Rice and Mrs. Brackett. Miss Ethel Homer and Miss Alice Homer attended to the grab-bag, which was in the form of a New Hampshire hasty pudding.

The arrangement of the several tables around the room, with their variety of goods, made a unique display. The fair was well attended and well patronized. We must not forget to make mention of the mummy show in charge of Mrs. and Miss Barker. It afforded lots of fun and many a dime. In the evening the vestry was packed with visitors, all of whom were eager to buy, and who did buy. The supper was a most satisfactory feature of the fair. Our Unitarian friends never do things by the halves, so it is that they always succeed in whatever they undertake.

Miss A. E. Wellington of Winter street received on last Sunday the congratulations of her many friends on having reached her 80th birthday. The friends went laden with fruits, flowers and other pleasant offerings. Miss Wellington is much beloved.

EASTER LILIES

For Easter Cut Flowers and Funeral Designs at W. W. Rawson's,

Cor. Medford and Warren Sts.

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MARBLES

from 2 for 1c. to $1 each, the finest line in Arlington.

F. R. DANIELS,

606 Mass. Avenue, Arlington.

All the leading styles in collars, cuffs, ties, pins, etc.

J. W. RONCO,

Practical Hair Cutter.

Children's Hair Cutting is our specialty.

P. O. Building, 637 Mass. ave., opp. Post-office.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

The Bendix School of Music.

Piano, Violin Guitar, Clarionet,

Personal instruction by William Bendix The Bendix Orchestra Music furnished for dances, etc. Studio, 2 Park terrace, Arlington

J. C. WAAGE,

House, Sign, and Decorative Painting.

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Carriage Builder,

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Jobbing in all branches.

Fine Painting a Specialty.

ALEXANDER BEATON,

Contractor and Builder,

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Arlington Heights.

305 Broadway,

MARK SULLIVAN,

PRACTICAL HORSE SHOER.

HAND-MADE STEEL SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

ARLINGTON.

STOP

your hair from falling out by using **Whittemore's Quinine Hair Tonic,**

Fully warranted.

FOUND.

A sum of money has been found, which the owner can have by calling at this office, proving property and paying for this notice.

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday morning at No. 620 Massachusetts avenue.
1.00 a year, in advance; Single copies, 2cents

F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.
WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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1inch,	75c.	$1.00	$1.50	$.2.50	$4.00	$6.00

Additional inches at same ratio

Advertisements placed in the local colusm 10 cents per line.

Help and situation wants, for sale, to let, etc., 12 1-2 cents per line; nothing taken less than two lines.

THE OLD TOWN.

There is something radically wrong, and most unfortuately so, in the early training and education of that boy and girl who can in maturer life forget the good old town which gave them birth and all those associations of their childhood. The home town should prove the strong backing of every young man and every young woman who go out into the great big world to battle with the stern realities of life. Indeed the early home must prove all this if any substantial suceesses are to be attained. We have a profound pity and not a little disgust for that individual who, surrounded with whatever honors, can in any way forget the simple, unpretending country town of his youth. Among the many pleasant memories that come back to us as the years succeed each other is the town of our nativity. Aside from the family life so dear to us, there are the old roads and the by-paths across field and and pasture, and the mountains at distances made especially attractive by intervening lake and wood, and the old church "on the hill," with the school house near it, all of which we love as true and tried friends of our more youthful days.

So it is that we have always insisted that the children in our public schools should receive among their first lessons that love of home with such affectionate emphasis that it would give form and character to all their future. The Arlington of today is not only the prophecy of her boys and girls in all the years awaiting them, but if true to her mission she will be the fulfilment of those prophesies. Arlington is necessarily the background of that life picture which shall tell of every Arlington boy and girl a half century hence. So we say, never forget the old town.

THE BEST.

The very best is demanded of every man, woman and child, whatever in life may be his or her department of labor. The clergyman, for instance, who does not throw his whole soul into his sermon, will not likely get a telling hold upon his hearers. Mr. Moody had the philosophical right of the whole matter when he said that "the only way in which to properly heat the church was to have the pulpit on fire." Let the minister speak out of his own heart and brain, then will he be absolutely sure of his man. To successfully get at your man you must first get at yourself. To break down all cold, lifeless formality that one may so closely approach the individual that he can lay his hand on his shoulder, then the work will be accomplished. He counts for little or nothing, either in the pulpit or at the bar or in journalism, whose personality is not clearly seen back of and in his work. While the message is important, the messenger is still more so, for it is he who gives vitality to the written or spoken word. The hour simply filled or taken up in the pulpit is not enough. The space in the weekly newspaper may all show itself in clear, legible type, and then count for nothing. The clergyman and the lawyer and the journalist must have something to say and they must have the courage to say it. The difficulty is not with our audiences or with our readers, it is with us. Men and women are neither so stupid nor indifferent that they will sleep under a live sermon, or be caught napping over a live newspaper.

The public demand, and rightfully too, the best we have to give. Life begets life; so the live man will always find him or her alive who comes in closest touch to him. To rouse our fellow and get him out of bed, we need first of all to be up and dressed ourselves.

THOMAS STARR KING.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., has an interesting article in the Christian Register on the Rev. Thomas Starr King, for several years pastor of the Hollis street church, Boston, but during the last years of his life of San Francisco, California. Dying before reaching the age of forty, Star King had made himself a power, not only in the pulpit, but outside of the pulpit as well. It was he who saved California to the union in the dark days of the rebellion. His preaching of wonderful simplicity and power comes back to us after all these years as vividly as though it were but yesterday that we heard him in the Hollis street church. There are those here in Arlington of the older grown who knew him and loved him. Starr King had a striking resemblance to the late Rev. Mr. Smith who was formerly pastor of the Unitarian church here in Arlington. And by the way, a lady, formerly of Arlington but now of a neighboring town, who admired Mr. Smith as a pastor and a man, has promised to write at no late date some personal reminiscences of him for the Enterprise. We are sure that whatever our lady friend may have to say of Mr. Smith will be of especial interest to our readers, for he was greatly beloved by all Arlington, and his memory is still dear to our people. This digression is pardonable, we are sure, as it relates to an Arlington clergyman whose life was consecrated to the good of his kind. But read the article to which we refer by Dr. Hale.

"WE CAN'T BREATHE."

The above was the whispered exclamation we heard on Friday evening of last week as we sat penned up in the vestry of the Unitarian church building listening to the pleasant entertainment given under the management of Mr. W. H. N. Francis. Why are we so indifferent and wickedly negligent to all that concerns these bodies of ours? With an ocean of God's pure air all about us, yet the American people build their houses of worship, their school houses and other public edifices without any intelligent thought of ventilation. What would one say were he compelled to satisfy his hunger from the breakfast that another had previously eaten? It should be remembered that the lungs are no more to be disregarded than is the stomach. Just for a moment think of breathing in the air that has been ejected or given out from the lungs of a good-sized audience! What a mixture of deadly poison! Air that has made its way from diseased lungs over decayed teeth and through lips that have been made foul by the cigarette, we are in the average crowded audience room compelled to breathe in, or otherwise die on the spot.

Every public building should be so ventilated that poisonous gases might readily escape, while pure invigorating air from the outside should find abundant admittance. We eat our "peck of dirt" without grumbling because we don't see it, and for the same reason we breathe in the vitiated air because it does not come to us in tangible form. As we have said so many times before, there can be no substantial health coming to either the individual or the community without the pure air, the clear bright sunshine and good drinking water. We have now in Arlington excellent drinking water, and thanks to the leafless trees we are now having the blessed sunshine, so that just at present our cry is for the introduction into all our public buildings in Arlington of a sufficient amount of God's invigorating and life-renewing ozone that no one may longer exclaim "we can't breathe."

NO APOLOGIES.

We have no apologies to offer that we so frequently write of our present public school system, with its high-pressure way of doing things. That something should be done to relieve this burdensome educational strain upon our children is acknowledged by every intelligent man and woman. President Eliot of Harvard university, and other leading educators, are hard at work in solving the educational problem.

Arlington has no interest that comes so near to her people as that of her children in school, and when every father and mother in the town shall be come fully alive to this fact then will there be a modification and letting up of our curriculum of studies. It seems a severe criticism to assert that many a parent sends his boy or girl to school feeling that it is a good riddance to the household to have quiet in the home for a few hours of the day, little thinking, nor much caring, what the boy and girl are doing in school so long as "they are out of the way." When only thirteen of the mothers in Arlington will take the time to cast their votes in behalf of our schools, then we may feel sure that an educational revival is needed.

A member of our school board kindly asked us the other day if we would reproduce in part what we had to say two weeks ago at the teachers' association in Amesbury, and so it is that we have something to say of that educational gathering.

"We had the privilege of speaking for an hour before that intelligent body of Amesbury teachers upon the supervisory management of our public schools, their curriculum of studies, the marking system and other matters of interest pertaining to the educaiion of the children. Some of the points we attempted to make were the following:

"That our school boards in all suburban districts should be composed of not more than three members, and each of these members should be fitted both by culture and by nature for his or her appionted work. That the teachers in our public schools should have a representative member from their own number, who would have a vote in all meetings of the the committee room. That the teachers should be elected for such a number of years as instructors in the schools that they would feel they might vote at the meetings of the school board without risk of losing their positions. Then we tried to show that the grade or curriculum of studies should be made to fit the pupil, instead of attempting longer to make the pupil fit the grade. We insisted, try as much as we may, that we never can make over John, Henry and Mary, while we can make over the grade. We did not hesitate to declare that the present marking system in our schools is utterly devoid of good common sense. Just as though the teacher, under the direction of the school committee or school superintendent, could cipher out even to the fraction the value of God's infinite creation of mind. It is always a delight for us to make unrelenting war upon this so-called ranking system, determined in part or largely by the daily marking of class recitations. We love nothing better than to come to the defence of those we term 'the dull boys and girls in school. We are inclined to believe that the average stupid boy and girl in school under our inflexible courses of study, are those who make their way in life quite as successfully as those pupils who uniformly carry off the honors of the class. Goldsmith was one of your dull boys in his several studies, still he made something of a man in maturer life in spite of his teachers and the school committee. Walter Scott didn't make a brilliant showing in school, yet as a writer he shines a star in the world of authors. Even our own Daniel Webster at the start was not up with his class, and yet he was in subsequent life the leader of men. O, this marking system makes ridiculous our school management. It is a vain attempt to try to measure what approaches infinity. Let us in all educational matters be content to do our work and allow God to do his. John is a product not of the schools but of God s marvellous creation. We may help him but we cannot recreate him, so wl y longer try?"

Well, we had a capital good time in our stay at the Ame bury Teachers' association, and what was must agreeable to us, we met with a hearty response. The truth is the teachers in our public schools are all the while praying in their innermost souls for relief from their present bondage, both in methods of instruction and in the subjects taught. Will our school boards come to their aid? This is the vital question, and this is what we submitted to the teachers in Amesbury.

THE UNGLOVED MAN.

The ungloved man, or the man without his "kids," is he with whom we the more readily fraternize. We somehow have a sort of dislike for him who parts his hair in the middle and with one glove on is always dangling his perfumed handkerchief. We much respect a manly man, not one who is effeminate in all his make up. That man's life is a dead failure whose time is largely spent in cultivating stagey manners and practicing the small talk of society life. There are those namby-pamby sort of fellows found everywhere who seem to believe that the great lesson of life is to learn just how to address a lady in the most taking way. Such as these depend more upon their necktie and generous shirt front than they do upon any gift of brain power.

We once asked "Julia Gordon," the leader of New York's "four hundred," what qualifications a young man must possess to ingratiate himself into society life? Her reply was as follows: "He need only have money and the faculty of taking part in the small talk of such life." "But mustn't he know something aside from this?" we asked. "No," came the answer, and then the distinguished society woman and authoress added, "many a society man is simply a stick as far as intellectual endowments and attainments are concerned."

The sensible woman has no love for that man who is not a manly representative of his sex. While we much admire an attractive womanly woman, we are a good deal nauseated even at the sight of that young man who is just enough of a woman as to prove himself a burlesque on the fairest type of God's unique creation.

We say again, give us the ungloved man—the man who is just the opposite, and so the complement and supplement of woman.

DIED.

SMITH.—In Arlington, March 13, Gertrude daughter of Joseph and Margaret B. Smith

CELLO.—In Arlington, March 12, Josephine, infant daughter of Raffael and Domic Cello.

LEARY.—In Arlington, March 11, Catherine, daughter of John and Ellen M Leary, aged 3 months.

PRENDERGAST.—In Arlington, March 10, Catherine, daughter of James and Mary S. Prendergast, aged 1 year, 2 months and 15 days.

BRADY.—At Arlington Heights, Mar. 11, Ann, wife of John Brady, aged 75 years and 7 mos.

GRAY.—In Arlington, Mar. 11, Blanche D., daughter of Edwin W. and Annie M. Gray, aged 12 years.

FROST.—At Chicago, Mar. 11, Lewis Pierce Frost, formerly of Belmont, Mass., aged 34 years and 2 months.

$5.00 REWARD.

Lost or Stolen, large grey-striped Cat, white feet. Wore a collar bearing name, "Teddy," also padlock and bell.

Five dollars reward will be paid for his recovery, or information leading thereto.

MRS. N. WATERMAN.
89 Oakland avenue.

Arlington Heights, Mar. 13, 1900.

TO LET,

For one year or more, HOUSE and GROUDS at No. 22 Mill street, Arlington, Mass. Will put same in complete order. Apply for terms to A. J. Bastine, 19 Warren street, New York.

feb3 3m

LOST,

Brown Scotch Collie Pup. Please return to Mrs. Bassett, Newman way.

HOUSE TO LET.

Eight rooms and bath, all modern conveniences; 3 minutes to steam or electric cars, post office, stores and schools. Inquire of L. C. Tyler.

TO LET,

A first-class tenement with all modern improvements and up-to-date in every way; connected with sewer. Good party can secure it for 2 months at 1-2 price for 2 months. Apply to G. W. Kenty, 1428 Mass. ave. jan6tf

WANTED,

GIRL to do general housework. Apply to Mrs. R. T. Hardy, Brooks avenue, Arlington.

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Window Screen and Screen Door Manufacturers

Screen repairing a specialty.

Wall Paper and Hanging, Room Mouldings, Window Shades and Inside Painting, Picture Framing, Furniture Repairing and Repolishing. General House Work done in first-class manner.

Office and Factory,

1033 Mass. avenue, Arlington.

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THE CHRISTIAN EXTRA.

It was a cold, blustering night on Sunday, but there was a pretty good congregation in attendance at the people's service in the Baptist church. The chorus was in good force, and rendered the "Homeland" for their opening number. With such old favorites as "Italian Hymn," "Federal Street" and "Christmas," and such newer favorites as "Berthold" and "Alford" of course the congregational singing was good. Dr. Watson's theme was taken from the words in Matt. v. 47: "What do ye more than others?" The Christian Extra. He began by saying that one scholar had literally and skilfully translated the master's heart-searching question as "What do ye extra?" So christianity is not a substitute but a supplement. Christ came not to destroy anything good, either in law, prophecy or human nature, but to "fulfill" it—that is, fill it full. Christianity is an abounding, a sort of brim-full measure of good. Man has opened his heart and God pours in extra capacity, power and fullness of love and life. Paul and Peter accord beautifully with the Lord. Paul when enumerating the things true, pure, just, lovely and of good report, and saying that "if there be any virtue (power) and if there be any praise (honor) think on these things, and these things do, and the God of peace shall be with you." Peter in his second epistle says, add to your faith virtue, then add knowledge, then temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity; for if these things be in you and abound you cannot be barren or unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The fact is, then, that christianity is something more than anything we already have, and is that something more added to what we already have. And what natural good we already find in human nature only proves its capacity for more abundant good. We can find love, brotherhood, strong family affection and interest, and outgoings of the heart towards our fellow men wherever human nature is found. And these but prove capacity for ultimate fullness and perfection in these virtues. Christianity finds the divine spark in us that is the prophecy of full light, and finds the seed in us that promises the ripe harvest of holy character. It gives more than any other religion, therefore requires more than any other or be utterly discredited. Doubtless you could sum up all that is best in the Gentile world in two names: Socrates the European and Buddha the Asiatic. The moral teaching of Socrates might be summed up in four words: wisdom, courage, temperance and justice. Christianity looking upon it loves it all, yet utters its searching question: "What do ye extra?" Possibly the highest "natural goodness" of Asia was embodied in the teachings of Buddha. The modern man realizes that Buddha was morally greater than Socrates, because he found a gentle and gracious humanitarianism to which the great Greek was a stranger. But if we make a swift comparison between Buddhism and christianity we find that in the matter of ethical teaching Christ is plain, concrete, practical. Our grasp of his meaning is so instant and full that we despair of obedience without his grace and power. In the same realm Buddha is often vague, mystical, inscrutable. Again, we find that the distinguishing characteristic of christianity is its intense joyousness: it is the religion that sings. Buddhism is a gloomy, ascetic, pessimistic religion; a religion of despair. Also does christianity declare and manifest a personal God whose nature is love, instead of leaving the ultimate fact of the universe in unspeakable darkness and mystery, affirming plainly that it is unknown and unknowable and unspeakable. Where is there a Buddhist idol with face beaming with beneficence and mercy? They are dark-browed and ominous, as if uttering some spirit of unfriendliness or ferocity. But we have not so learned Christ in whom the Father is manifested. Then the crown of christianity is its social character. It develops the individual to his highest and best, but that he may give himself to his brother. To heathen eyes, this grand extra of the Apostle Paul was "madness." "Yes," he replied, "but it is madness unto God," "the constraining love of Jesus Christ." No gloomy asceticism driving a disciple away from intercourse with his fellows, but an unselfish impulse putting him into all healthy, active relations with men for their good. "Prove," says John, "your love to God by your love to men." Have we then claimed too much when we say that in Christ more is given? Then what wonder when the Master says to his own, "What do ye more than others?"

Now we find that man can answer that demand. And the most striking proof of it that we can find, perhaps, is its unexpected outflashing from hearts in which unselfish love has not predominated. Thank God, beautiful and touching natural goodness is not rare anywhere, though perhaps not often heralded, or even discovered by chroniclers of things. You remember the rough, drunken toiler, working in the railway cut. With only the thought of innocent men, women and children in the speeding train, he rushes up the track, seizes a great obstructing log and heaves it off, but before escape is possible, he himself is hurled into eternity. Recall the dock laborer in London during the panic. After being long out of work he gets a few days' employment; and, that he might not diminish the pittance available for his starving children, he toiled without food for three days, then when on Friday he hurried to get his pay, dropped dead in his tracks when the coin touched his outstretched hand—he had starved himself to death for others. That was his extra. Neither do we forget the girl in the telegraph office in Johnstown at the time of the awful flood. A friendly operator up the river had sent swift warning of the break of the dam, bidding her fly for her life, but instead she choose to "do more." She ticked off warning messages down the valley and saved thousands, her own cold body being found the day after whither the torrent had tossed it. She "gave her life a ransom for many." Need we ask, "Can the extra be done?" Is there no re-enforcement for natural goodness? Can a man do so much for himself; and must he fail, for lack of power, to bless his brother? In the heart of the eleventh commandment is the secret already illustrated. "That ye love one another as I have loved you." The most vivid teachings and illustrations that we have of christianity prove it to be a personal force. It never said to paralytics in apostolic times, "sit down and be convinced," but it always said "arise, and walk." John Wesley said that ten true christians would change the face of England, but he meant ten christians with the "extra." Ten of the kind that will stampede the armies of the aliens. They are God's trumpets calling up the hosts of God to be like them. The real work of christianity through all the ages has been done by them. They were willing to be filled by the Lord. They were willing to be "chosen" for the "extra" after having responded to the first call to repentance and faith. If we fail to be such captains, let us be their soldiers, and there will be new meaning when we sing:

"Like a mighty river moves the church of God
Brothers we are treading where the saints hav trod."

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ARLINGTON NEWS.

The ladies at the Unitarian fair took in over $400.

Harold Wood became a voter on Wednesday.

The telephone call of Hose 1 is 116-6; Hose 2, 64-2; Hose 3, 64-3.

Mr Samuel H. Smith, Academy street, has gone south for a few weeks' vacation.

Mr. Angus McDonald has sold his new house on Westminster avenue to Boston parties.

St. Patrick is today being honored the world over by every son and daughter of Erin.

Mr. Thomas Butler of Park avenue is making a sojourn of two weeks in Ashville, N. Y.

The Veritas Lodge will give a whist party on Monday evening in Grand Army Hall.

The Rebekah Lodge meeting will be held on Monday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Do not forget that the date of the adjourned town meeting is Monday evening, March 26.

Mrs. Howard W. Spurr and Misses Blanche and Beatrice start for Washington, D. C., today.

Mr. Rodney J. Hardy entertained in a royal way on Tuesday evening several of his family friends.

Mr. R. W. Jones of Bedford, Canada, has been the guest of his brother, Mr. B. G. Jones, the past week.

Mr. H. A. Perham was summoned last week to his home in Maine by reason of the death of his father.

The present term of our public schools will close on Friday, March 30, reopening on Monday, April 9.

That lady who well understands how to dress her neck and her hair is in possession of the art of arts.

Mrs. James P. Maloney, mother of Mrs. John Lusk, is lying critically ill at her home on Crescent Hill avenue.

Mr. George W. Sears was out Wednesday for the first time for four weeks, he having had a severe attack of the grippe and rheumatism.

We are indebted to Mr. John Lyons for those fine bunches of lettuce. Mr. Lyons is an excellent gardener, and grows the best.

The dramatic entertainment announced to be given by the Arlington Young Men's club on March 24 has been postponed to April 7.

The services at the Baptist church tomorrow: Preaching at 10.45; Sunday school at 12; and evening service at 7. A. W. Lorimer, pastor.

The Cutter school district deserves a new, commodious school building. Let the town not fail in voting an appropriation for such purpose.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church will discuss on Sunday evening the following: "Ye must be born again," John iii. 1-15.

Mr. Charles S. Cutter was the recipient of a surprise party on the anniversary of his birthday last Saturday. An elaborate supper was served.

Mrs. Kidder, Addison street, read several appropriate selections before the Woman's Christian Temperance Institute in session at Middleboro.

"Some ways into peace" will be Dr. Watson's topic at the people's service at the Baptist church tomorrow night. Time 7.15. Everybody welcome.

Chief-of-police Harriman has now such delicately-adjusted and well attested scales that, as a sealer of weights and measures, he is an infallible authority.

Mrs. Samuel E. Kimball returned home from her Texas visit on Thursday evening, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Nelson Crosby, and her husband.

At the dedication of the organ at St. Mary's Episcopal church, in Newton, a hymn by Louis F. Weston of this town will be sung. Mr. Weston is the organist.

Private residences are being erected on what is known as the Warren A. Peirce estate. Do not forget that Kimball and Beaton are resident contractors and builders.

The Lenten services in St. Malachy's church on Wednesday evening were conducted by the Rev. James F. McNiff of Wakefield, who delivered a sermon on the last judgment.

Several members of the Arlington Boat club were present at the bowling tournament of the Newtowne club on Monday evening. New York bowlers took part in the game.

The Chautauqua Literary club will meet on Monday, March 19, with Mrs. Thayer, 6 Whittemore street. Roll call Whittier. A full attendance is requested to welcome the president.

Mrs. Streeter and her daughter visited on Thursday afternoon their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Lorimer, at the Newton Theological School. Mr. Lorimer graduates from the seminary in June.

Something more than fifty members of the Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge were present at Cambridgeport on Wednesday evening, the occasion being the 25th anniversary of the Olive Branch Lodge.

The school committee are to be greatly commended in closing the public schools upon the disagreeably inclement days at this season of the year. That no-school whistle is a wise and humane arrangement.

It was something of a test of one's christian virtues to walk our streets and sidewalks yesterday morning without so much as thinking a swear word. It was slush on all sides of you and slush in front of you.

Miss Gertrude Springer of Arlington is a member of the Posse Gymnasium Basket Ball team which won the championship at the Sportman's show in Boston last week by defeating the Syracuse University team.

We made the Heights again on Friday morning in a sea of slush, and in a pouring rain. The way the water came down Park avenue and the side streets would gladden the heart of any mill owner in the land.

The paper on "Mission Work Through Christian Literature," read before the Foreign Missionary Society of the Congregation Church on Monday evening, by Miss Tolman, was especially instructive.

Miner L. H. Leavitt, the popular druggist at the corner of Mass. avenue and Mystic street, can analyze in a scientific way every prescription he puts up. In a word, Mr. Leavitt is a professionally educated pharmacist.

The Watertown High school orchestra will assist in a musical way at the district school entertainment to be given in the Congregational church on next Thursday evening. Miss Merritt of Chelsea will render several solos.

The last of the series of the symphony concerts held in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, this season, was given on Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Bullard, Mrs. Fred Hicks, the Rev. Mr. Gill and others have been regular attendants at these concerts.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gray of Bartlett avenue have the heartfelt sympathy of their wide circle of friends in the death of Blanche D., their 12-year-old daughter, who died this week of quick consumption. Blanche was a beautiful child, and loved by all who knew her.

Instead of "losing our grip," many of us Arlingtonians are getting more of the article just at present than is quite agreeable. Or is there a tendency to call every sneeze and a bit of a cold the grip? We believe, however, that the genuine article is now to be found in Arlington.

Mr. J. E. Langen, the well-known hairdresser, has returned from his two weeks' outing in Maine, feeling himself again. Mr. Langen will now be found daily at his place of business, corner of Mass. avenue and Mystic street, where he will be glad to meet his many patrons.

At the Universalist church tomorrow morning the pastor will deliver the fourth sermon in the series on the denomination's new statement of belief, his topic being "The certainty of just retribution for sin." Evening service at 7 o'clock, topic "Help from without and within."

Listen, ye husbands. The Rev. Minot J. Savage, in speaking of the marriage relation, says that "no husband on the face of the earth has a right to open his wife's letters;" and then he adds: "I would as soon think of committing burglary as to break open one of my wife's letters."

The weekly calendar of the Baptist church last Sunday contained the following: "The Arlington Enterprise gives every week a full column synopsis of the pastor's evening sermon. Some who cannot attend the evening service have spoken appreciatively of this careful report of the sermon."

The committee of twenty-one on Wednesday afternoon "did the town" officially. They had a comfortable turnout in which to make their way. They examined the various public buildings, looked at the crossings of our streets, closely scanned the sewers, and so on to the end of the chapter.

The Litchfield studio is now preparing a group of the members of Hose 2 to be placed in a large frame for the parlor of the house. We congratulate the company in having this studio do their work, for it will be first-class in every respect. Those now ready are excellent, bath in finish and likeness.

It would be difficult to find a town, wherever one might go, whose evenings at this season of the year are more completely taken up by way of amusements than are the evenings in Arlington. We can but think that it is unfortunate that the lyceum has so much gone out of date. Arlington should have each winter a course of firstclass lectures.

On Friday of last week the ladies of the Building Fund Association partook of a dinner in the banquet hall of the G. A. R. building. About 100 ladies were present. There were 33 tables of whist. The proceeds of the dinner and whist were to be devoted to the relief fund of the Woman's Relief Corps, and amounted to over $50.

Mr. W. A. Hodges is now of the firm of Hodges & Coburn Manufacturing Co., dealers in patented specialties. Office: No. 1 Somerset street, cor. of Beacon street, room 25, Boston. Mr. Hodges is a business man from start to finish, as was seen by our people when he was proprietor of the Arlington news stand. The Enterprise bespeaks for Mr. Hodges in his new enterprise the success he so richly deserves.

Mr. Charles T. Bunker was one of the disputants last evening in the debate between the Boston Young Men's Christian association congress and the Union Debating club held in Union hall, Boston. The question discussed was the following: "Resolved, That partisan methods are preferable to independent action in the politics of Boston." Mr. Bunker discussed the negative side of the resolution.

The slating of the roof of St. Malachy's church is nearly completed. Work on the interior of the church has already begun. The furring is being done under the supervision of Gratto & Gamester. The plastering will be done by Augustus F. Bishop, who is already lathing. It is expected that the alterations and improvements of the church will be completed in May.

Hose 2 on Tuesday evening elected the following officers:

Captain, T. J. Donahue.
Lieutenant, Denis Ahern.
Clerk, William H. Bradley.
Treasurer, George H. Hill.

Mr. Joseph F. Burns tendered his resignation, having served two years.

Ladder 1 has elected for the ensuing year the following officers:

Captain, William H. Sweeney.
Lieutenant, J. E. Duffy.
Clerk, J. J. Murray.
Treasurer, John J. Robinson.

The following have been elected officers of Hose 1 for the ensuing year:

Captain, Jacob Schumacher.
Lieutenant, John Axtman.
Clerk and treasurer, George Klingler.

Mrs. Fessenden, the ex-president of the Massachusetts Women's Temperance union, who spoke at the no-license rally in the Town hall on Sunday evening, March 3, sends us the following pleasant line concerning our paragraph of the meeting: "Editor of Enterprise: I extend you the right hand of fellowship. Your report was excellent, your annunciation of principle better.—Susan S. Fessenden."

We call again the attention of our readers to the advertisement in this issue of W. G. Kimball, the contractor and builder. Mr. Kimball is familiar with every part of his work, and he is thoroughly reliable. If you are to build, don't go out of town and employ foreign labor when we have contractors and builders resident with us and who spend their money here. Patronize home industries in every instance.

It is a disgrace not only to Academy street, but to the whole town of Arlington, that the old Cotting academy building is allowed to remain where it is in its present dilapidated condition. Why doesn't the owner remove it or repair it? If he will not do either, then why does not the alumni of the good old academy see that the building which gave them a place in school for so many years, is put in decent trim?

Gardner Porter, Warren Peirce, Gardner P. Bullard, Newton Foster and Delmont Tufts, boys of 10 and 12 years of age, distinguished themselves as walkists on Tuesday afternoon. Their way was the concrete path around the High school building. Six rounds make the mile—time two hours. Gardner P. Bullard made 64 rounds, or 10 2-3 miles; Newton Foster, 58, or 9 2-3 miles; Warren Peirce, 47, or 7 5-6 miles; Gardner Porter, 42, or 7 miles; Delmont Tufts, 35, or 5 5-6 miles. Boys, you are all deserving the cake. You can well afford to stand on your record, although you made the distance on a dog-trot.

The services of the First Parish (Unitarian) church tomorrow will be: In the morning at 10.45 sharp, the Rev. G. W. Cutter will preach. Monthly evening service at 7 sharp, when the Rev. Frederic Gill, the pastor of the church, will preach the first of three sermons on "Business," the special topic being "Moral aspects of business." Mrs. H. F. Martin, soprano, will sing; and Mr. Fred W. Derby, violinist, Mr. G. M. Weston, cornetist and 'celloist, and Mr. J. P. Weston, organist, will play the following music: For cornet and organ, "Hills of the Lord," Stearns; organ, "Ave Maria," Schubert; for violin, 'cello and organ, "Reverie" (response), Fanconier; "Largo," Jensen. The public are cordially invited to these services.

Messrs. E. S. Farmer, John Lyons, D. L. Tappan, Frank and Roland Puffer, M. J. Gallagher, Charles Wyman, Geo. Hill, Herbert Cox, Joseph Butterfield, Walter and Charles Crosby, Edward F. Skahan and Representative J. Howell Crosby attended the surprise given Mr. Elisha N. Peirce at his home in Waverley on Tuesday evening. Col. Benton of that town presented Mr. Peirce with an elegant gold watch and chain. Rep. Crosby was one of the speech-makers. Mr. W. W. Rawson, owing to sickness, was detained from attending. Caterer Hardy furnished an elaborate spread.

Please keep in mind the Scotch entertainment to be given in G. A. R. Hall on Thursday evening, March 29th. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational Church. The managers of the evening are Mrs. Walter Crosby and Mrs. Winfield S. Durgin. The talent will be made up of a soprano soloist and others; Mr. John Anderson of the Floating Hospital Association; Mr. William C. Purdie, piper, and Miss Dot Read, Scotch dances, and there will be illustrated Scotch songs. Don't fail to take this entertainment in.

Messrs. William Irwin and Joseph H. Scott of Arlington left for San Francisco, California, in company with Mr. Matheson of Prince Edward's Island, who has been staying at the house of Mr. Irwin for some time. They hastily decided on Sunday last to leave Arlington on the following Wednesday on this long and tedious journey. Although the knowledge of their leaving was very unexpected, many of their relatives and friends visited them at the house of Mr. Irwin, Tuesday evening, and their visit was much appreciated and enjoyed by those especially interested. Music, dancing, songs and refreshments made the time pass pleasantly. Mr. William Irwin has resided in Arlington for many years, and those who are immediately acquainted with him know of his honest and earnest endeavors. All wish them success, no matter in what land they seek it. They expect to reach the end of their journey on Monday, and if they like the country they intend to reside there with their families. The wives eagerly await news from their husbands.

The Hurdy-gurdy dance given on Saturday evening by Miss Jennie Gott and Miss Etta Fessenden in Peirce's hall was especially enjoyable. Miss Gose played the tambourine. Light refreshments were served.

The senate ratified the house bill of Rep. Crosby for the taking of the old reservoir for park purposes. A good move.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH NOTES.

Sunday, March 18, third Sunday in Lent.

The Rev. James Yeames will preach on "A call to confirmation" tomorrow morning.

Early celebration of the holy communion (and on each Sunday in Lent, except April 1) at St. John's tomorrow morning at 7.30.

The ladies of St. John's parish meet as a missionary sewing circle at the parish house, Maple street, every Friday afternoon in Lent.

The Rev. Edward Abbott, D. D., of St. James's, Cambridge, is the preacher at the Lenten service in St. John's on Tuesday evening next. Service at 7.45. All are invited.

The Right Rev. William Lawrence, bishop of Massachusetts, will make his visitation of St. John's parish, Arlington, on the evening of Sunday, May 27, and administer the sacred rite of confirmation.

The rector is giving a course of lectures on "The Apostles' Creed" at the church on Sunday evenings. The subject tomorrow is, "And in Jesus Christ, his only son, our Lord." Evening prayer at 7.30.

Children's Lenten service every Friday afternoon at 4.15. The addresses are on "The soldier of the cross"—Enlisted, Armed, Drill, Active Service, Enemies, Victories, Rewards. The address next Friday will be on "Active Service."

The Loyal Temperance legion elected officers on Monday afternoon. There was an exciting contest, resulting as follows: President, Philip Weston Taylor; secretary, Frank Needham; treasurer, Harold Needham; registrar, Wesley Lunt.

St. John's Young Men's society, for the mutual improvement and friendly intercourse of the young men of the parish, has been recently organized. The rector is president; vice-president, Mr. Fred LeBuff; secretary, Mr. Richard Coulson; treasurer, Mr. George Wilson. The society meets in the Parish house on Thursday evenings at eight o'clock. Its membership is open to all young men of good character, and the dues are only 25c. per quarter. The Rev. James Yeames addressed the society last week on "Self-culture," and was cordially and unanimously thanked. On Thursday evening the members enjoyed a discussion on the question, "What scientific invention or discovery of the 19th century has been of the greatest benefit to mankind?" The debate was opened by Mr. Walter Whitten and Mr. Wm. Perkins.

Mr. George P. Crosby, assistant postmaster at Fitchburg, has been during the week a guest of Selectman Walter Crosby.

A new maple floor has been laid this week in A. A. Tilden's drug store and adds greatly to the appearance of the same.

A special meeting of the Arlington Veteran Firemen's association is called for Monday evening to arranfie for Pat riots' day. A full attendance is desired.

Florist W. W. Rawson has a gorgeous display of Easter lilies, as well as a choice assortment of cut flowers and funeral designs. Call and see them.

A Puma Story From Paraguay.

The puma or mountain lion of the Andes is naturally an affectionate and harmless animal and is often domesticated, and some of the ranchmen in Patagonia and Chile often tame them and train them for watchdogs. An extraordinary story is told of a tyrant who ruled in Paraguay for many years and was notorious all over South America for his cruelty. It is said that this ruler once had a woman chained to a tree in the forest where she would either starve or be devoured by wild beasts. After she had been out about ten days he sent a scout to see what was left of her, and, much to his astonishment, it was found that she had been fed and protected by two pumas, male and female, and had suffered in no way except from exposure and fright. The pumas brought her raw meat from the animals they had killed and slept by her side each night like watchdogs.—Chicago Record.

HOW WE LEARN.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won, not found by chance
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream,
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart
And brings the imprisoned truth seed to the light,

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs like harvest from the well plowed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.
—Bonar.

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TRAINS TO BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—5.30, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04 8.36, 8.53, 10.07, 11.19, A. M. 12.18, 1.01, 2.18, 3.54 4.23, 4.46, 5.19, 6.47, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18 P. M. Sunday, 9.24, A. M., 12.58, 2.23, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.25

Brattle—5.32, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.09, 11.21 A. M., 12.20, 1.03, 2.20, 3.56, 4.25 4.48, 5.21 6.50 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, P. M. Sundays, 9.27, A. M. 1.00 2.25, 3.14, 4.38, 6.18, 8.28, P. M.

Arlington—5.35, 6.12, 6.42, *7.09, 7.12, *7.39, 7.42 8.01, *8.09, 8.17, *8.40, 9.00, 10.12, 11.24, A. M, 12.23, 1.06, 2.23, 3.59, 4.28, 4.51, 5.24, 5.46, 6.20, *6.53, 6.56, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23, P. M. Sundays 9.30, A. M., 1.03, 2.28, 3.17, 4.40, 6.21, 8.31, P. M.

Lake Street—5.38, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.03, 8.20 9.03, 10.15, 11.26, A. M., 12.25, 1.08, 2.25, 4.01 4.36, 4.30, 5.26, 5.49, 6.23, 6.59, 7.18, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, P. M., Sundays, 9.33, A. M. 1.05, 2.31, 3.20, 4.43, 6.24, 8.34, P. M.

*Express.

TRAINS FROM BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17 1.47, 2.47, 4.17, 5.17, 5.32, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.01, *7.17, 7.31, 7.46, 8.17 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.47 2.47 3.47 *4.17, *4.47, 5.04, *5.17, 5.32, *5.47, 5.55, 6.04, *6.1 6.34, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

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ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Driver Sweeney is again on deck after a severe attack of the grippe.

Mrs. Bridgham has returned from a visit with friends at Wolfboro, N. H.

The H. O. P. club will hold its next meeting with Miss Susie White at her home in Cambridge.

The M M. M. club met on Tuesday afternoon with Miss Alice White.

Mrs. C. T. Parsons has for a guest her sister, Mrs. Chickering of Manchester, N. H.

Miss Dora Dwelley, Park avenue, has been entertaining this present week her friend, Miss Pearl Fox of Bangor, Me.

The profits of "The District School" entertainment will amount to something more than fifty dollars.

Miss Josephine Davidson entertained on Thursday evening the Eleric club.

Miss Mamie P. Reed is visiting in Washington, D, C.

Miss Winterton of Somerville spent Sunday with Miss Edith Kendall.

The H. O. P. club met on Monday evening with Miss May Belle Anderson. Refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Farmer are delaying on their way to California for a sufficient length of time in Colorado to breathe in some of her exhilerating ozone.

Mr. William P. Hadley is recovering from an ugly attack of grippe.

Miss Bessie Hewittson of Westminster avenue is ill with grippe.

Mr. Alexander Beaton has nearly completed a house, modern in all its appointments, for Mr. Snow on Tanager street.

Next Wednesday afternoon the Woman's Benevolent Society, connected with the Baptist church, will meet with Mrs. Hector Fraser, Lowell place.

Little Alexander Johnson of Claremont avenue is quite ill with tonsillitis.

Mrs. Fouratt of Florence avenue is confined to the house with la grippe.

Fred Schumacher of Crescent Hill avenue is another grip victim.

People at the Heights are asking why it is that the Heights did not get a representative on the Patriots' Day celebration committee. Almost every organization in the lower part of the town is represented on that committee, while the Heights, which has one organization with a membership of 80, and another with a membership of 30, is ignored. Query: "Is Arlington Heights a part of the town of Arlington?"

Why is that the Locke school cannot be heated? On almost every cold day, and especially when it is cold on Monday, the children are sent home on account of the cold. It seems strange that a new building should suffer from this cause. Would it not be well for the committee to invesiigate, and see where the trouble is and have it remedied?

That woman who on Monday morning took possession of the electric at the car stables when no one was around, came near not only having a free ride, but a break-neck one. Who the woman was or where she came from, no one seems to know. This fact, however, is known—that she boarded the empty car, became herself the motorman, and went flying. Several conductors put after her with lightning speed, but could not overtake her. Fortunately, the trolley slipped off, and the car came to a stand still. As "all's well that ends well," so in this instance all came out right.

The moonshine party on Wednesday evening under the auspices of the Sunshine Club, at the residence of Mrs. N. M. Farmer, was a very enjoyable affair. There were eleven tables of whist. Refreshments were served after the game. The prizes were won by: Mrs. Doull, first gents' prize; Dr. A. H. Ring, second; Mr. Harrie Peirce, third. First ladies' prize, Mrs. C. G. Brockway; second, Mrs. G. W. Chickering; third, Mrs. W. O. Partridge. The club will meet next week Wednesday with Mrs. W. O. Partridge, Claremont avenue.

Severely cold as it was on Sunday evening, we went to the Heights in anticipation of spending a pleasant hour with our friends in the Baptist church. Our anticipations were more than realized when we were courteously ushered into the cosy and home-like edifice. We found quite a large audience, notwithstanding the cold evening, who had come out like ourselves to enjoy the treat provided by the esteemed young pastor, Mr. A. W. Lorimer, and his choir of young people. The service was similar to one given some weeks ago in the same church, and was listened to and taken part in by a delighted congregation. Mrs. Cameron ably presided at the organ and conducted the musical part of the service, while Mr Lorimer introduced the various hymns by a few well-chosen and appropriate remarks. Before entering on the programme proper, Mr. Lorimer gave a short but eloquent address on the power of hymns. The programme embraced several of our best hymns, mostly old favorites, and those rendered by the choir were given with a spirit and vim that showed conclusively that they were in full sympathy with the themes the hymns treated of, and showed careful training on the part of their musical instructor; while those sung by the congregation were heartily rendered. A special feature in the programme was the reading by the pastor of a touching story of how a number of men were sitting in a saloon one evening when suddenly a sweet, childish voice arose in song, and through the thin partition came the words of the first verse of the well-known hymn, "Take the name of Jesus with you." The saloon-keeper hastened to apologize to his startled customers by explaining that the singer was his daughter, who, he added had a praying mother. This verse was followed by other verses, the result of the whole incident being the repentance of at least two of the men present, who remembered that they also had had praying mothers. The verses were feelingly and touchingly sung by Miss Grace Baxter, who assumed the part of the saloon-keeper's daughter. Miss Baxter's clear, sweet, pure voice rang out with telling effect, and although hid from view the words were perfectly distinct. Both Mrs. Thompson and Mr. Hines in the parts assigned to them acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. On the whole, the services of the evening were most enjoyable, and we felt amply repaid for our visit to the Baptist church.

We made the Heights on Thursday morning by walking the distance to and fro, so that we might take in all there was to be seen. Our first call was on Mr. Thomas Higgins, of whom we have often spoken in these columns. We found Mr. Higgins at his usual place of business, carefully studying the map of South Africa. Mr. Higgins was trying to cipher out, now that the Union Jack flies over the presidency in Bloemfontein, how much longer the British-Boer war would probably continue. According to his figures the cruel South African war is about over, and we are inclined to believe he is right. While Mr. Higgins is an American through and through he is still loyal to the backbone to England, his mother country. It is always a pleasure to meet Mr. Higgins, for he says what he means and he means what he says. We made our way to the tip of Walnut street, one of the most attractive localities in Arlington. But what a climb! We made a brief call on Mr. Beaton, the builder and contractor, and found him at his work on Tanager street. Mr. Beaton is always busy, yet he finds time to give greeting to both friend and stranger. A look into the Heights post office found Postmaster Blanchard busy with the duties of his office. Five minutes in Mr. Cushing's grocery store convinced us that Mr. Cushing is sending out lots of goods to his many customers. A brief call at the millinery store of Mrs. A. O. Hill found her preparing for her spring trade. Mrs. Hill is sure to have the Easter bonnet on hand in season for her lady customers. As a matter of fact the people at the Heights are uniformly busy. They keep along the even tenor of their way without making any fuss about it. We much enjoyed our walk and the "good mornings" we received along the way.

CRESCENT HILL CLUB

Next Tuesday evening will be the regular Ladies' night.

Miss Ida Law of Arlington, who has furnished the music for the club since its organization, has resigned, and Mr. W. Varney of North Cambridge has been engaged for the balance of the season.

As soon as the weather permits work will begin on the grounds of the club. It is proposed to make the outside very attractive.

Mr. Ed. Jacobs, Mr. John Barker and Mr. Roscoe Hobbs were admitted as members at the last meeting.

Spirits on a Man-of-war.

Wines and spirits on an English man-of-war are laid in by the officers at their own cost. The quantity, however, is limited by the wants of each mess. The orders to the wine merchant must be vised by the captain, and he is supposed to keep a careful eye on the amount consumed. The officers no longer receive rations of rum, but a small allowance in money instead. Nor is it issued to seamen under 20 years of age.

Before being served out to the crew it is again diluted in the proportion of one part of rum to three parts of water. This is grog, which derives its name from Admiral Vernon. He it was who first diluted rum. He habitually wore a grogram coat and went by the name of Old Grog. The barrel is broached on deck at the dinner hour, and each comes forward with his pannikin in turn.

All government stores are marked in some way so that they can be readily identified. The rum has a small quantity of finely chopped hair introduced into it, which can be detected by holding it up to the light.—Chambers' Journal.

In Glass Houses.

If our own faults were as apparent to us as those of our friends, how ashamed we would be of ourselves!

We have wonderful acuteness of vision when it comes to discovering the weaknesses of others, and our sight is painfully dim when we view ourselves. A good woman once told the writer that for years she had made it a rule never to speak of the faults of others until she had gone through the category of her own weaknesses to see if she did not have similar failings, and by the time she had done this her sense of humiliation would be so great that she had no desire to say anything about the weaknesses of others.

This would be a good rule for all of us to adopt. Don't you think so? Try it the very next time you are inclined to criticise some one of your friends and acquaintances.—Weekly Bouquet.

Mr. Editor,—Taking a stroll through Arlington recently, the writer was forcibly reminded of the great changes that had taken place in this section since the first time he visited it, some time in the forties—over 55 years ago—when he stumbled over a cranberry bog somewhere near the present southern boundary line of Arlington, which at that time was a part of West Cambridge. Indeed, at one time Lexington was known as Cambridge Farms. At that time but few houses were to be found in this vicinity, or, as a matter of fact, anywhere this side of the colleges. This vicinity was much visited by parties in search of out-of-door recreation and all kinds of sports. Instead of dining at hotels and club houses and listening to distinguished speakers, as is the custom nowadays, people would drive their fast horse or seek other conveyances to Burlingame's at Brighton or Porter's hotel at North Cambridge.

The older residents will recollect that Cambridge was a favorite resort for turfmen—what was called the Boston trotting park being located between Porter's hotel and where West Cambridge commenced. This trotting park was for a long time under the control of "Uncle" John Sherman, and many a fine trot was witnessed there while under his supervision. Here Lady Suffolk made her fast heat (2.26) although defeated by Zack Taylor, the race being best 2 out of 3. This was considered as a remarkably fast heat at the time, as 2.40 had been looked upon by owners of horses as a pretty fair performance. What would have been thought at that time if a horse made a mile in nearly two minutes, as has been done in these later years? Other well known trotters were Tom Benton, Lady Moscow, Lady Sutton and Hector. By way of diversion, foot races were frequently indulged in by almost everybody, and it was laughable to see fat men run around the mile course; and then occasionally affairs would wind up with an appetizing clam bake. Hiram and William Woodruff, two well and favorably known jockeys, handled many of these trotters, and good time was generally made under their supervision. Further west of Porter's, Dan Mace kept a hostelry much frequented by "sports." With the exception of these places mentioned, but few house were to be seen even up to Cambridgeport—indeed, what is now known as the West Somerville station was in the latter 40s sparsely settled.

On Fast day, 1853, John Stetson, George Brown and James Smith, noted pedestrians, contested in a foot race, the course being from Charlestown Neck, through Somerville, parallel to the Fitchburg railroad, coming out at North Cambridge, better known at that time as Porter's. It seemed that shortly after the contestants started a train of cars passed about the time the pedestrians arrived at the railroad crossing. Stetson put on a spurt and succeded in crossing the track just in time, and obtained a lead which he never relinquished, coming in ahead at Porters, where the crowd and horses were so numerous that he was compelled to run in the gutter up to the end of the course at Dan Mace's. The others had to wait for the train to pass, and were distanced.

Fast days were given up by many in those days to sports, such as racing, climbing greased poles for something of value at the top, chasing greased pigs, the one catching and holding his pigship to own him, pitching quoits, sack racing and kicking football—indeed there appears to have been a more diversified observance of the day than later on, as we well remember that only recently Fast day has been abolished, the contention being that the sacred character of the day was being lost sight of to a considerable degree.

One day in May, 1855, John Grindell and John Stetson ran for the championship at the Boston trotting park for a purse of $10,000, Grindell winning. An immense crowd was in attendance. North Cambridge at that time was the Mecca where many resorted for relaxation from business cares, and there was an intermingling of good fellowship and rational enjoyment. What great changes there have been! In those days people came together; the many were prosperous, and all pulled together.

Josiah Porter, son of Zack, commanded a battery in the civil war, and afterward the 22d New York regiment. As its colonel, he was instrumental in inducing P. S. Gilmore, the celebrated musician, to take up his residence in New York, and become the leader of the regimental band. Col. Porter was afterward adjutant-general of the state of New York.

The great change that has taken place in the territory extending from Harvard square to the Lexington line seems almost marvellous to one looking back over half a century and calling up visions of the past. To go to Lexington at that time by public conveyance was as much a task as it would now be considered to take a trip to Worcester. Long omnibuses, with high steps behind, to which clung boys with bells to ring for the driver to stop, ran from the Quincy house in Brattle street, Boston, to Old Cambridge. On trotting days passengers were conveyed in omnibuses, stages and all sorts of vehicles, while the drivers of fast teams of their own were more numerous in proportion to the population, I think, than now. For a long time a branch steam railroad connected at Somerville with the Fitchburg road and terminated at Old Cambridge. This road was abolished at the advent of the horse car. OLD TIMER.

The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, at the age of 76 years, and his half-sister, Mrs. Mary Foote Beecher Perkins, died on Wednesdsy at their respective homes—Thomas K. in Almira, New York, and Mrs. Perkins in Hartford, Conn. All of the distinguished Beecher family are now gone save Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker of New York city. Mrs. Perkins, who was 94 years of age, was the mother of Mrs. Edward Everett Hale.

Mr. Sheldon will not be likely to succeed in the newspaper line so long as he is determined to keep the current news of the day out of his columns.

The British government acted unwisely in sending Gen. Cronje to St. Helena. 'Tis a burning shame and is condemned by every honest person. Rhodes and Chamberlin may yet have their rewards.

"Divine Healer" Truth has been arrested on charges brought by the federal authorities for fraudulently using the mails. Well, people seem to like humbugery. Next!

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Not for thee, oh, friend, the easy task, for thou art strong;
And though, borne down with burdens, the way seems hard and long,
Yet know that God but giveth thee
True title of nobility
In this, knowing thee e'en better than thyself; his plan
To prove thee, saying to all thy world, Behold a man!

—Mary E. Stickney in Lippincott's.

A Matter of Conscience

The garden was ablaze with May sunshine and white with May blossoms, but the old stone house at the end of the straight path that led from the gate looked somber and melancholy.

A gnarled apple tree tapped playfully at the closed shutters of one of the upper rooms and even went so far, under extreme provocation from the wind, as to poke some of its blossom laden twigs between the ramshackle slats.

Dr. Eaton, who walked up the straight path through the sunshine, could not restrain a sigh of pleasure at the beauty of the scene. Young and strong and healthy, life to him was good and delightful, though at that very moment he might be hurrying into the presence of death.

A pale young woman opened the door in response to his knock, and without any form of greeting ushered him into the chilly hall and went before him up the stairs to the floor above.

"He is very ill, my poor little boy," she said as she opened the door of a bed chamber. "Very, very ill, I fear."

The doctor stepped into the room. He stopped for an instant until he could accustom himself to the general dimness. The woman caught his arm.

"Here," she whispered, and drew him toward the bed.

The young man took the child's tiny wrist between his fingers. Then he leaned over and laid his ear against the child's heart.

"You think"— she asked breathlessly.

"I think," he replied, looking at her pitifully, "that your little boy"—

"Doctor!"

"But we will do what we can."

Then he issued some hasty directions, and the two began to work silently over the little creature, who lay motionless and impassive under their hands. After an hour the doctor ceased.

"Mrs. Grafton, you must send for your husband."

"He is no better?" she asked, a look of agony creeping into her great dark eyes.

"No better," he answered. "But he does not suffer. Take comfort from that."

She covered her face with her hands for an instant and then said in a dull, quiet tone:

"I am a stranger in Ellisville and have no friend or acquaintance here. When Mr. Grafton went away this morning, the baby did not seem so very ill, but he said he would ask you to call. I have no one to send for him now."

"Where is he?" asked the doctor.

"He has an office on Front street. He is trying to establish an insurance agency here."

"I will go for him," said the doctor and turned away.

Late that afternoon the tiny spark of life that flickered in the child's breast went out. Afterward there were weeks of illness in the old stone house, and when the garden had discarded its blossoms and become a very bower of green Marion Grafton, a shadowy creature, with the saddest of dark eyes, walked down the straight path beside her husband, and the gate of the old garden closed upon them forever.

Years sped away. The doctor, who had never married, still lived on the same street, and his housekeeper was fretting and fuming, partly because there was a lady waiting to see him and partly and more particularly because his dinner was growing crisp and dry in the oven. She went to the office door and peeped in at the delicate looking little woman who had sat patiently waiting for the last half hour.

"The doctor's late," she said, "but p'r'aps you don't mind waitin. How far did you say you'd come?"

"From Grimby," replied the woman. "Did you say Dr. Eaton was quite a middle aged man?" she added anxiously.

"I didn't say, ma'am, but I s'pose you'd call him so in p'int of age. Ah, here he is now!"

From the window the lady could see a doctor's gig draw up at the curb and a tall, dark man with grizzled beard descend from it.

The doctor entered and looked inquiringly at his visitor with keen, kindly eyes. She rose and said a little uncertainly:

"I—I am afraid I have made a mistake and that you are not the doctor I'm looking for."

Somehow the face and manner of the woman brought to Dr. Eaton's mind an elusive memory of a May morning and a darkened room, with the scent of apple blossoms wafted through closed blinds, but the impression was vague and transitory and was gone before he could attach any meaning to it.

"You were not looking for me, then?" he asked. "If you will tell me the name of the man you want to find, perhaps I can help you."

"I—don't know his name. I—don't remember it," she said, with a flush and a little deprecatory smile. "I've been to a great many doctors in Ellisville and have not found him. I'm afraid he must have gone away—or be dead."

Dr. Eaton looked puzzled and sat for a moment, his eyes narrowed in thought and his fingers beating a noiseless tattoo on his knee. The woman watched him silently, the color coming and going in her pale face.

"You—you don't remember a Mrs. Grafton?" she asked at last, with some eagerness.

"Mrs. Grafton—Mrs. Grafton," he repeated shaking his head. "She is not a patient of mine."

"Not now, but somehow I feel as if you must be the man I am looking for. Is there any way you can find out whether you had a patient named Grafton 20 years ago? Oh, it is very important that I should know!" she concluded earnestly.

"I will consult my books of that time," he said kindly and arose.

As he walked across to the closet where he kept these records of his early struggles the woman's eyes followed him with eager intentness. Suddenly she got up and ran to his side.

"Ah, I know it is you! The moment you walked away I knew beyond a doubt. It was just as if I were back again in the room where my baby died and saw you leave me to go for my husband! Oh, you must remember me! You tried so hard to save my dear little boy. I lived in an old stone house that stood in a big garden. I was ill after my baby died, and you attended me—so kindly, so well! And then we went away and did not pay your bill. It is 20 years ago, and you are changed, but I know you now!"

Dr. Eaton had turned and was looking thoughtfully down into her eager face. At last he said slowly:

"I think I do remember you—yes, I know I do. Is there anything I can do to serve you, Mrs. Grafton?"

"Yes," she answered. "When we went away from here, we were very poor. We could not pay you nor pay for the burial of the baby." Her eyes dropped, and she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously. "But oh, how I wanted to! For a time my husband was very fortunate and made a great deal of money. But the debts I speak of, while the thought of them drove me almost wild, did not seem to trouble him. When I urged their payment, he always grew impatient and said they belonged to a time he could not bear to think of. He thought I was heartless to remind him of them. You see," she added hastily, "the loss of our little boy preyed upon his mind and made him depressed and morbid. So at last I ceased altogether to speak of the matter and made up my mind that somehow—some time—I would pay them myself. I never relinquished my purpose, and in all the years after, whether we prospered or whether we struggled for a bare existence, I never touched the sum I had put by as a nucleus, but added to it, little by little. And now I think I have enough. It has taken a long time, and only God knows what a haunting horror has been to me the thought that my little child's funeral expenses, that I felt to be a sacred debt, were still unpaid and lay like a blemish on his innocent memory. And now will you tell me how much I am to pay you and do what you can to help me find the undertaker?"

The doctor sat thoughtfully for a moment, then he glanced up and flashed a smile at his visitor—a smile of such surpassing sweetness that she felt herself smiling, too, half tearfully in sympathy.

"Twenty years is a long time to remember a little bill like mine," he said.

"It cannot be a little bill."

"You came here from"—

"Grimby," she replied.

"And you have dined?"

"No-o."

"Then you must be my guest, and afterward I will help you find that man to whom you owe—the other bill. I think I remember who it was. Are you and Mr. Grafton living in Grimby?"

"Mr. Grafton has been dead some years," she said. "I am teaching school there."

It was well on in the afternoon when the doctor and Mrs. Grafton returned from their interview with the undertaker.

"I cannot tell you how much I thank you for helping me," she said. "And now please tell me how much yours was."

"I assure you I never gave the matter a thought after the first. Let it rest," he said earnestly, "and some time"—

"Oh, no," she interrupted; "it must be today. Indeed it must. I shall always remember you with the greatest gratitude. But don't you understand how I feel about this?"

"Very well, as it is a matter of conscience with you," he replied.

In one of the old ledgers he found the name Grafton and, making a quick calculation, announced that the indebtedness amounted to $15, which she handed over to him, with a look that showed how important she deemed the matter.

"And now," she said, holding out her little shabbily gloved hand, "goodby. I will never be able to thank you."

"I'm not your physician," said Dr. Eaton, "but I'll take the liberty of prescribing a seat in my gig for you. I have a patient to visit near the town road."

He spoke as one unaccustomed to having his directions disputed, and Mrs. Grafton submitted smilingly to his decree. So they drove away together in the late afternoon sunshine. As he glanced at her from time to time the doctor saw the look of relief in her face deepen to one of quiet content.

When they had reached her lodgings, he said, "I come to Grimby sometimes"—he had always hated Grimby and avoided it on a principle—"and I shall call and see you if I may."

She smiled her assent.

The doctor held the slender hand in his for a moment and then let go with a smile. He watched her walk up the path in the setting sun.

"A good little thing—a pretty little thing," he said to himself. "And it was a matter of conscience with her."

Then he got thoughtfully into his gig and drove away.—San Francisco Call.